A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION

Thursday, October 10. 1706.

IN my purſuing the Diſcourſe of the Union with *Scotland*, I know no Queſtion more difficult to anſwer, than which Nation ſhall be the greateſt Gainers by it? I know, 'tis an invidious Queſtion, and put for all Purpoſes; but I defy any of the Propoſers to ſay, which they will prove ſhall be the greeatſt Gainers. The Advantages are infinite, unaccountable, and as Times go, incredible on both ſides; but to ſay on which ſide the greateſt, I will not undertake to determine.

Negatively, I'll undertake to ſay, who ſhall be Loſers by it, or at leaſt who ſhall be no Gainers; and, in this Enquiry, if I touch ſome too ſenſibly, who have been a long time damning this Union, and drinking Confuſion to it; I ſhall be ſorry, but more for their ſakes than my own.

Firſt, Gentlemen, aſſure your ſelves, the *French* King and his Intereſt will be exceeding Loſers by this Union; all the Hopes they had laid up, all the Expectations they had form'd to themſelves, from either, (1.) The Confuſions which ſhould over run all *Britain*, the Blood and Deſtruction that ſhould neceſſarily follow a Breach with *Scotland*, and the Miſeries, Poverty, Loſs of Trade, Devaſtation of Countries, and Ruin of People, which would be the Conſequence, to the weakening both Nations, and thereby giving them the more Leiſure, as well as the more Power to inſult both, on Occaſion: Or, (2.) from the weakning the Powers of both Kingdoms, by turning the Swords of two valiant People into the Bowels of one another, which might otherwiſe ſpread their victorious Enſigns in the Heart

Heart of their Country; all these will be lost.

2*ly*. All the Money, *if he has parted with any* on that Head, which the *French* King has dispers'd among the *treacherous* and *unfaithful* in either Nation, in order to blow up the Coals of Division and Dissention between the Kingdoms, to asperse the Union, calumniate, expose, banter, and ridicule the Design, *as such*; in order to raise Mists of Doubts, Fogs of Scruple, and Storms of Apprehension in the timerous, tho' well meaning on both sides ——In order to shut the Eyes of those that see, and keep them from Illuminations, who do not; All this Money will be lost.

3*ly*. All the Emissaries of *France*, *for such I must call them*, *tho' they labour without Fees*, who blindly do their Work, and promote their Interest, *tho' they do not see it*, in meer Gratification to their own Prejudices, who hate the Union from a Nature averse to Union it self; and above all abhor a Union with *Scotland* from inbred uncultivated Spleen, built on no regular Foundations, pointed to no direct End——Hereditary Enemies of the *Scots*, who rail at them because their Fathers did so, and think 'tis impossible to unite them, because in former Ages it was so, or rather seem'd to be so; *all these Peoples Labour will be lost*, and the Generation of them will cease from the Earth; for they will be made wiser against their Wills; and if they do not live to call themselves Fools, their Children will do it for them.

4*ly*. All those flegmatick Gentlemen, who meaning well on either side, are turn'd melancholly upon the Subject, and the Prospect of the Union has given them the Hyppo; who raise Spectres in their Imagination, and then start at them, as if they were real; that are poreing upon remote Consequences, and rummaging Futurity for *may be's*, and *may not be's*, supposing our Posterity to have no more Wit than our selves. All these Gentlemens Labour and Travel will be lost, in attempting to convince the World, 1. That the Church of *England* is in Danger from the Union with *Scotland*, and that *Presbytery* will over-run them; tho' put all the *Dissenters* in *England*, and *Presbyterians* in *Scotland* into a List, and they make not above one to nine of the Church of *England* Number in *Brittain*. 2. That the Kirk of *Scotland* is in Danger, tho' its Establishment remains confirm'd by this Treaty, as a Part of the Constitution settled by Consent of both Nations, sworn to by the Soveraign, and agreed to be declar'd a fundamental unalterable Establishment, but by Consent of the People of *Scotland*; and that they are not deny'd, any farther or other Security for it, that they can think reasonable to demand; and above all, the Labour of those Gentlemen will be lost, who go about to reconcile these two contraries; how both these Churches can be in Danger at once, and how Union can tend to two such Contraries in one and the same Channel.

I confess, I cannot but think, this very thing is enough to open the Eyes of one, whose Understanding was born blind, and were it not a thing of vast Consequence, it would deserve to be treated with some Levity. But what is it that a diligent Party will not run into? How many Absurdities have these Gentlemen started among us in other Cases, as contrary to these, and not altogether unlike them? and it would be endless to run back into their Tacking Absurdities, their Occasional Bill, Inconsistencies, their *High-Church* Ænigmas, which to this Day no body but themselves can understand; That the Church is in Danger from a Church of *England* QUEEN, a Church of *England* Parliament, nay from the very Bishops themselves.

What cannot such People offer to the World? What can be too absurd for them to suggest? and while on one side, they insinuate into the *Presbyterians* in *Scotland*, or some of them that are qualify'd to receive it, that their Kirk is in Danger; and into the *Dissenters* in *England*, that their Tolleration is in Danger. Methinks the Vapour of such an aery Imagination should be a Cloud too thin to cover the Cheat from the Eyes of the World, and therefore I cannot but think, and hope too, that all these Peoples Labour will be lost.

These are some of those who will be Losers by the Union: I shall enquire farther into it in my next.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEA.

IN the laſt Paper, I touch'd lightly the viſible Effects of our Victory abroad, upon Trade at home; I told you by my own Obſervation, how ſtrangely the Battle of *Ramellies* had open'd the Flood gates of *Flanders*, and how our Manufactures flow'd in; how our Goods riſe, our Poor are ſupply'd with Work, and our Clothiers made glad; and I inſtanc'd in the Towns of *Leeds*, *Hallifax*, *Hudersfield*, &c. in the Weſt-Riding of *Yorkſhire*———

Upon reading that Thought, it was a very natuarl Queſtion put to me, by one that had more Wit than to want Information. *Pray*, ſays he, *are there any Jacobites or High-Flyers in thoſe Towns?* My Anſwer is ſhort, what there are there of thoſe Kind of Gentlemen, I ſhall not examine; but ſurely, if there are any there, and any of them concern'd in the Manufactures, they muſt be ſtrange People; they muſt ſin againſt their Eye-ſight, and ſin againſt their Intereſt, or they muſt immediately throw up the Cauſe, and acknowledge themſelves in the wrong.

Is it poſſible for any Manufacturer to wiſh, the *French* had not been beaten at *Ramellies*; is it not to wiſh the whole Manufacture ſunk again, the poor out of Work, and the Trade decay'd; but above all, is it not to wiſh 15 *per Cent.* out of his own Pocket, and ſacrifize his Intereſt to his Party Zeal?

Not that I think 'tis much of a Novelty to find the Gentlemen of that Party acting againſt their own Intereſt; 'Tis evident they do that ſo many ways, that it would be endleſs to repeat, and they muſt be left to be told ſo by their Poſterity, or by their dear bought Experience, when 'tis too late to repent, or at leaſt to remedy the Injury.

But the Currency of Trade, the Reviving of Manufacturing, the Riſe and Demand of our Goods, theſe are ſuch convincing clinching Arguments, ſuch Home Thruſts at the Pretences of thoſe Gentlemen, and they chop ſo into the very Mouths of every plain Mechanick, that they muſt ſtand the brunt of being contradicted by the meaneſt of their Inferiours; and if they perſiſt in arguing ſo viſibly againſt Fact, the Countrymen, who feel the pleaſing Influence in their conſtant Advantages, will quickly learn to contemn them, and they will at laſt be the Jeſt of the Nation.

'Tis evident now what we have been fighting for; what we have paid ſuch Taxes for; Victory will make us full Amends, it will open the Doors of Trade, which have been ſhut by the War, and the Fluency of Trade would reſtore to us the Circulation of our Money, and raiſe the drooping Spirits of our diſcourag'd People.

In the mean time here's an Earneſt, and I give the Hint to remind our People, what the Joy will be, when one Victory more ſhall open the *Spaniſh* Trade to us? When the Encroachments of *France* ſhall no longer turn the Channel of the *South*-Sea Wealth from *Cadiz* to St. *Malo*, fill the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies* with Toys and *French* Trifles, inſtead of ſubſtantial Manufactures, and prevent that Flux of Bullion flowing hither, which would fill us with Current Coin.

What a ſtrange Kind of Creature is a *Jacobite*, or rather a *High-Flying Tory*! that while he is a Member of the Common-Wealth, an *Engliſhman*, and above all a Manufacturer, that yet he ſhould not be mov'd by all theſe, to rejoyce at theſe Victories———That he ſhould not laugh on both ſides his Mouth, when the Triumphs of his Native Country have ſuch ſerious, ſuch viſible, and ſuch very beneficial Effects, even in the neareſt and moſt weighty Concern of Trade.

'Tis an evident and ſelf-convincing Teſtimony, that the Gentlemen, who are call'd *High-Flyers*, are not really in the true Intereſt of their native Country———*The* French *are beaten, and we are all undone*, ſaid a certain Gentleman, who in reſpect to his

Character only, I forbear to name—— WE! bleſs us! What Sort of WE muſt this be—— WE *Non-jurors*, he did not mean, for he had taken the Oaths; had it been WE *Non-jurors*, there had been both Truth and Senſe in it, for ought I know, and much leſs of a Jeſt. But, WE *High-Flyers, Anglicè*, WE *Hypocrites*, that have ſworn to the Government, and yet hate it, are againſt it, wiſh againſt it, *and when we chance to look up to Heaven*, pray againſt it! *We Monſters*, that ſwear to, and at the Government both in a Breath; theſe are the Men, this Gentleman included in his Exclamation, *We are all undone*!

What Sort of *Engliſhmen* can they be, that are undone, when the *French* are beaten? What can they be, that rejoyce when our Affairs go backward, that look pale when we rejoyce; like him, that when the *Queen* went to St. *Pauls*, went home to read a good Book to be out of the Noiſe?

'Tis hard, there ſhould be any ſuch in *England*; but ſince there are, I would have them go to the Weſt-Riding of *Yorkſhire*, and there let them ſee, what a prodigious Increaſe of Trade and Wealth is now actually made by beating the *French*, and let them deny the Fact, if they can.

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